Quick

Nice buzz after the picnic. Though the substances were frowned on, but not yet forbidden. And picnic was a thing that Associate Alphonse found in a book.

You eat outside.

Who'd wanna do that?

Never mind. You hafta try new things even when they're old things.

Ancient, more like.

Conversation ended when an unmanned miniature rocket docked amid the trees and called my name.

Seocnds later I found myself in the war zone.

I'm half-drunk.

You're lucky. That from the mission leader. And all of you watch yourself. The campaign to bring soldiers back to life doesn't operate in this sector. Once dead, you're dead. Quite frankly, we'll soon be.

Modern life sucks, I couldn't help spitting out.

You can say what you wish because nothing you say makes any difference. This is what freedom has always meant. Now, do you want the last word? Is that important to you?

No.